

THE
Fishmonger's Lamentation

A BURLESQUE ON
 Shepherds, I have lost my Love!

Same Tune.

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 FISHWIVES, I have lost my wife?

Have you seen my Sarah,
 The pride and comfort of my life,
 My kind, my best, my dear-a?
 She went out this afternoon;
 Ah, that I knew whither!
 If I thought her in the Moon,
 C—se me, but I'd go thither!

But I'll first my Sarah seek
 All around the city;
 Tears bedew me while I speak!
 Fishwives, do me pity!
 Lay, oh! lay your baskets by,
 You vociferous sounders!
 Sarah, Sarah, Sarah cry,
 Instead of cod and flounders!

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 FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.